The BOYS

Dear Becky

03

MATURE

DYNAMITE

The BOYS™

Dear Becky

Written by: **GARTH ENNIS**

Illustrated by: **RUSS BRAUN**

Colored by: **TONY AVIÑA**

Lettered by: **SIMON BOWLAND**

Cover by: **DARICK ROBERTSON**

Editor: **JOE RYBANDT**

The Boys created by:
GARTH ENNIS & DARICK ROBERTSON

03

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female were The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth — superpower. Some superheroes had to be watched. Some of them had to be controlled. And some of them — sometimes — had to be taken out of the picture.

The issue was decided in one final battle against a massed superhero army, when a plan concocted by the "supes" to overthrow the US government went horribly awry. Now, twelve years later, Hughie and his lover Annie January have returned to his home in the Scottish town of Auchterladle — their battles fought and won, their torment over.

The days when Colonel Greg Mallory led The Boys are firmly in the past. So too are the times Billy Butcher shared with a woman who strove to send him down a different road. All of that is over and done with. Finished.

Now read on…

DYNAMITE®

www.dynamite.com • Facebook: **/Dynamitecomics** • Instagram: **/Dynamitecomics** • Tumblr: **dynamitecomics.tumblr.com** • Twitter: **@dynamitecomics** • YouTube: **/Dynamitecomics**

Nick Barrucci: CEO / Publisher • **Juan Collado**: President / COO • **Brandon Dante Primavera**: V.P. of IT and Operations • **Rich Young**: Director of Business Development • **Joe Rybandt**: Executive Editor • **Matt Idelson**: Senior Editor • **Kevin Ketner**: Editor • **Cathleen Heard**: Art Director • **Rachel Kilbury**: Digital Multimedia Associate • **Alexis Persson**: Graphic Designer • **Katie Hidalgo**: Graphic Designer • **Alan Payne**: V.P. of Sales and Marketing • **Pat O'Connell**: Sales Manager • **Vincent Faust**: Marketing Coordinator • **Jay Spence**: Director of Product Development • **Mariano Nicieza**: Director of Research & Development • **Amy Jackson**: Administrative Coordinator

THE BOYS™: DEAR BECKY #3. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 113 Gaither Dr., STE 205, Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054. Copyright © 2020 Spitfire Productions Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All rights reserved. THE BOYS, all characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related elements are trademarks of Spitfire Productions, Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All rights reserved. "Dynamite" and "Dynamite Entertainment" are ®, and the "DE Logo" is ™ and ©, Dynamite Entertainment. All rights reserved. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes. **Printed in Canada.**

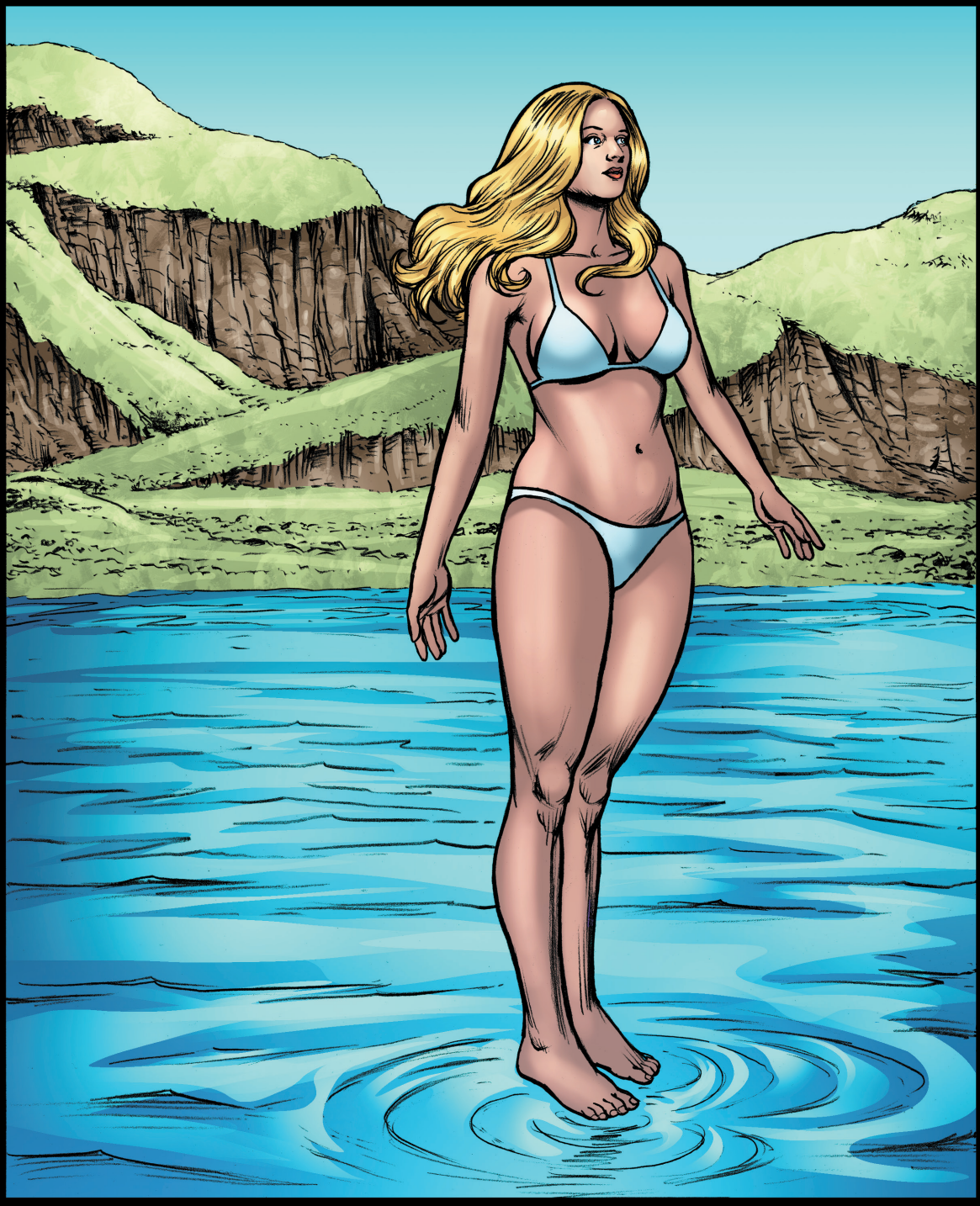
For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: marketing@dynamite.com.

PEFC Certified

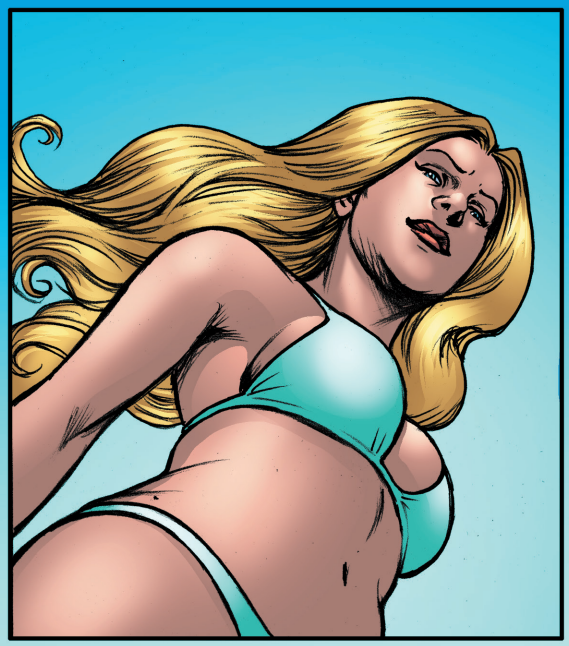
This product is from sustainably managed forests and controlled sources

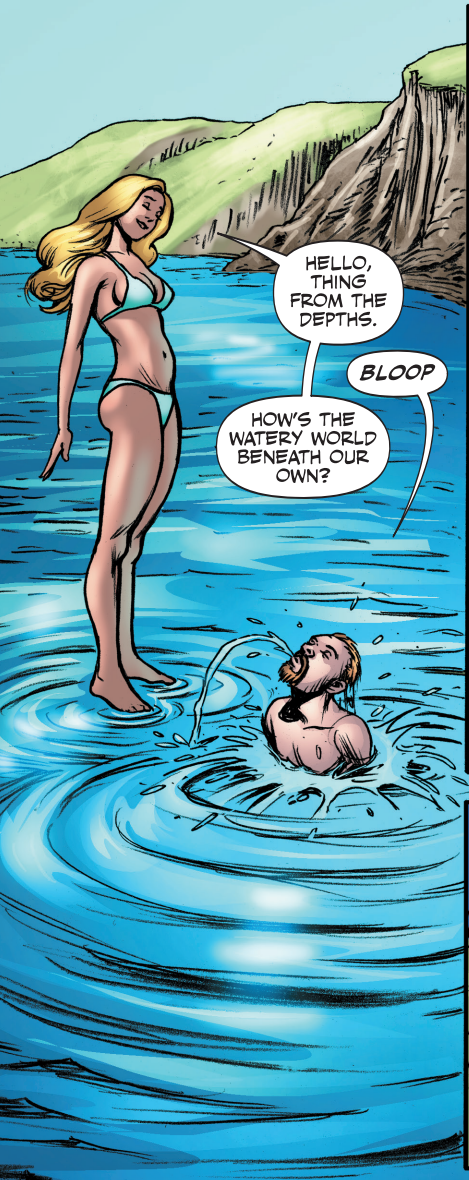
PEFC/01-31-106

www.pefc.org

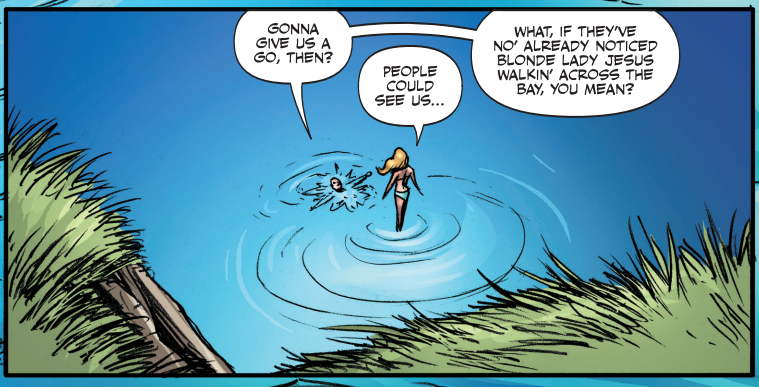


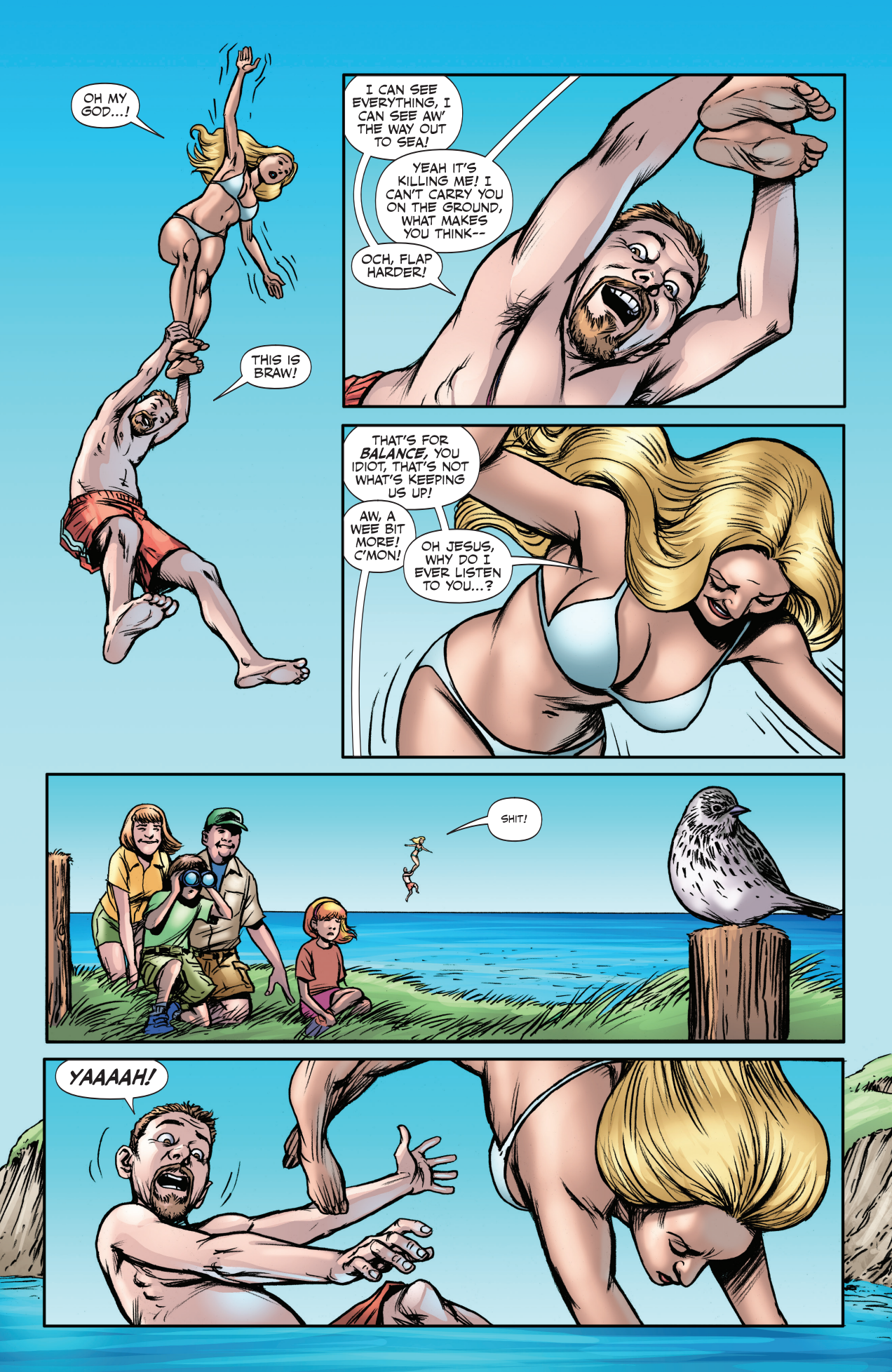
3: MONDAY

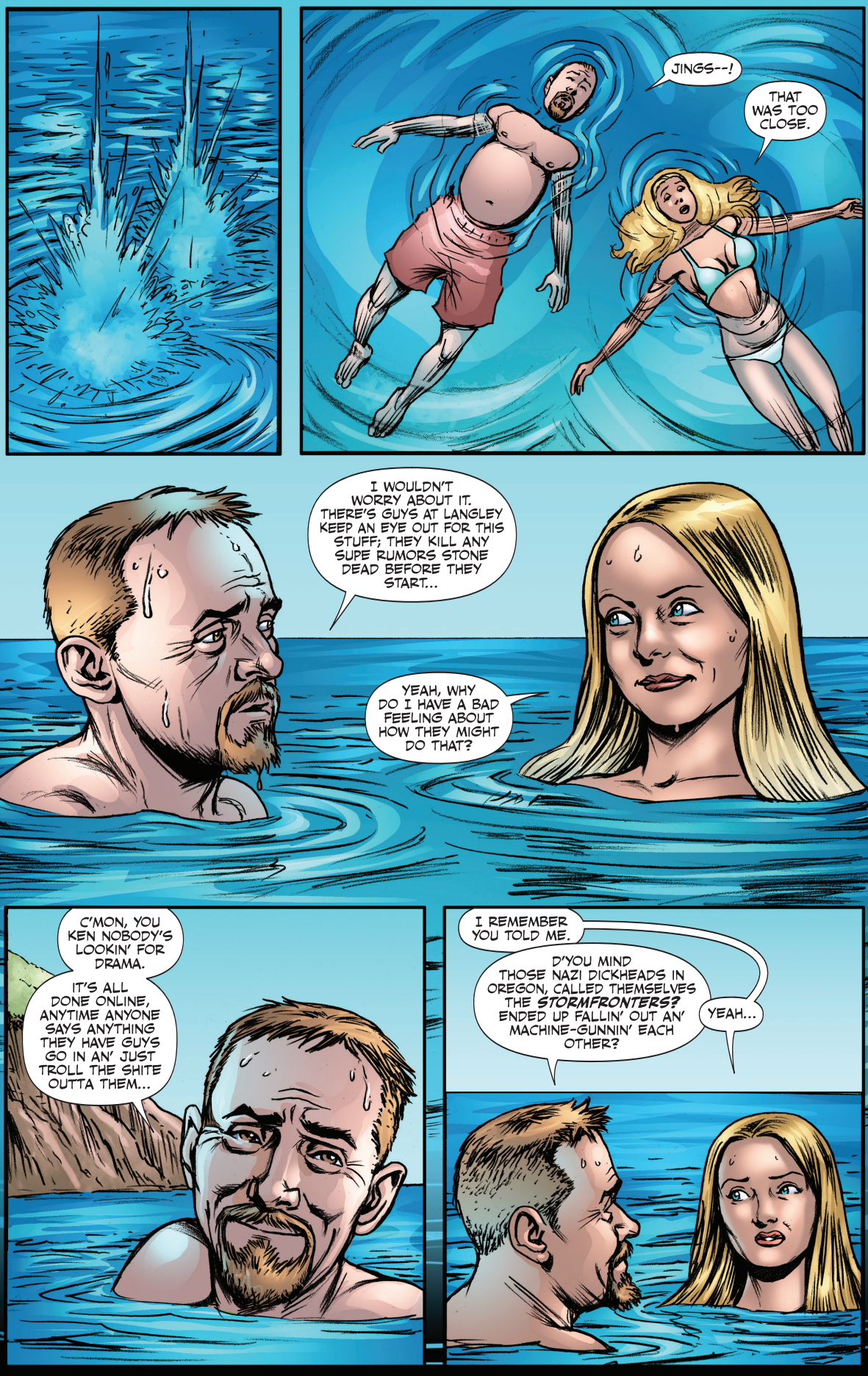


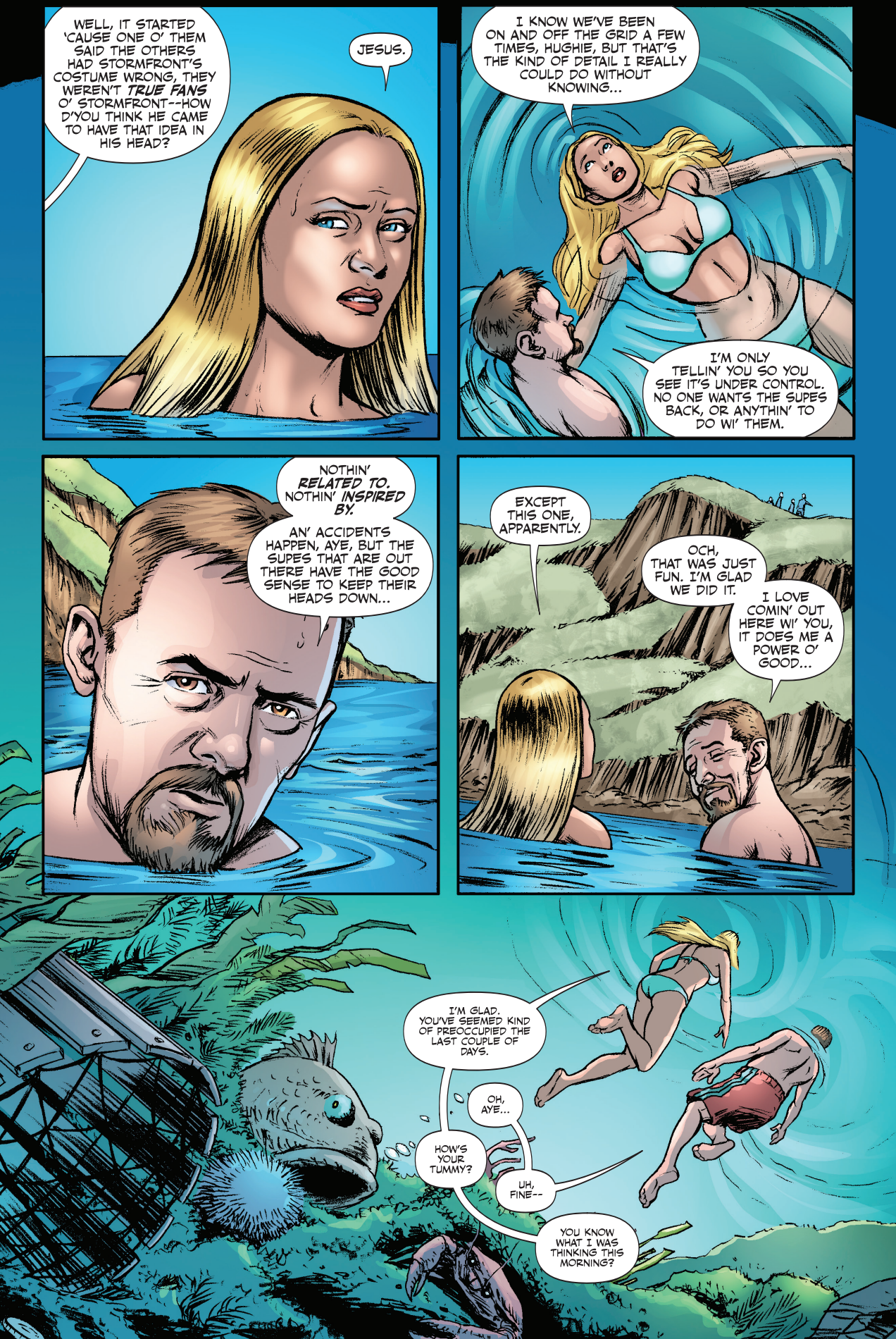

HELLO, THING FROM THE DEPTHS.
BLOOP
HOW'S THE WATERY WORLD BENEATH OUR OWN?

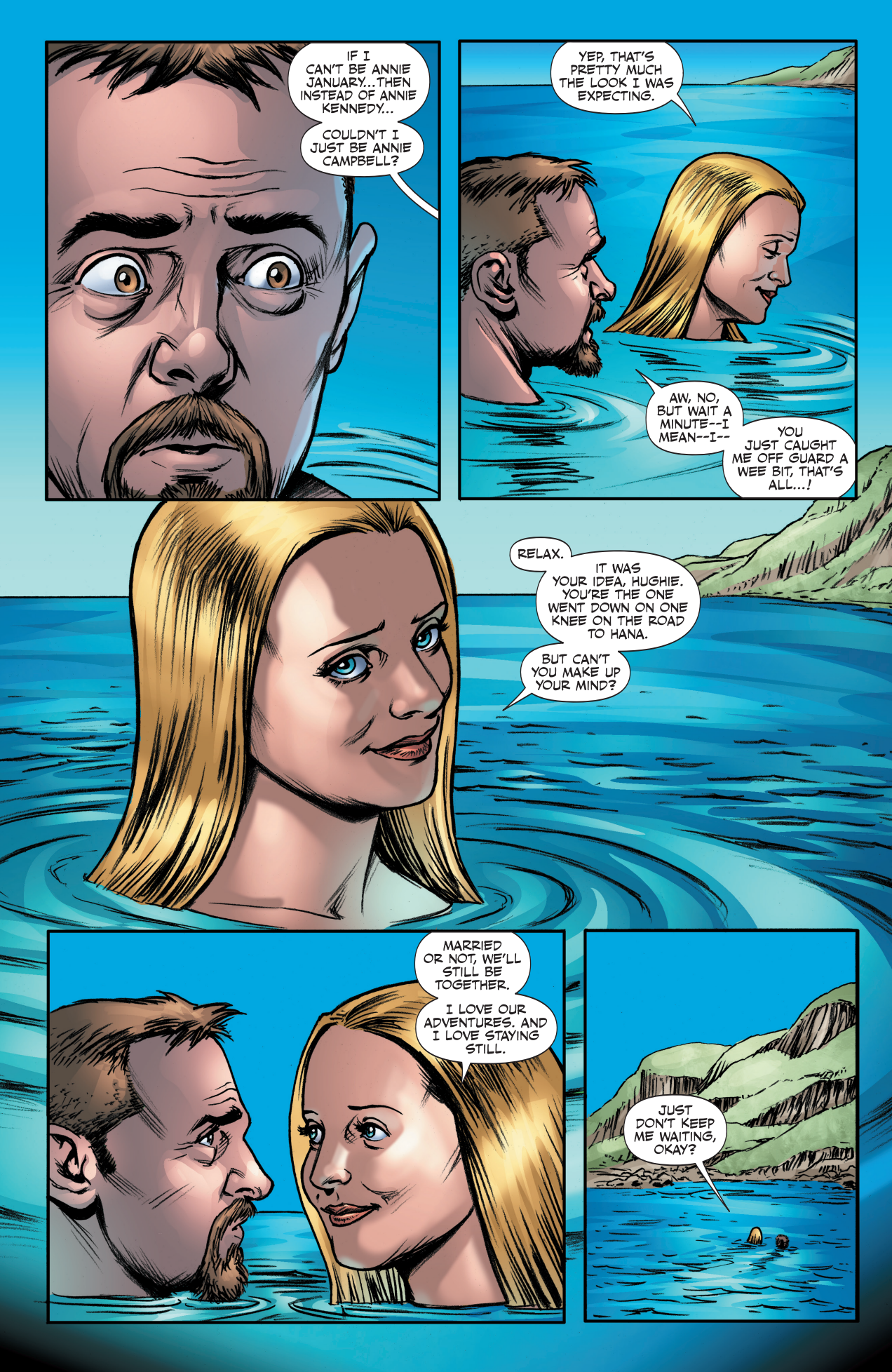
NO' BAD. I FOUND A QUID, I THINK IT'S ONE O' THE ONES MY PAW USED TO DROP FOR ME.
WHERE IS IT?
DROPPED IT.
SO WE'RE BROKE AGAIN.


GONNA GIVE US A GO, THEN?
PEOPLE COULD SEE US...
WHAT, IF THEY'VE NO' ALREADY NOTICED BLONDE LADY JESUS WALKIN' ACROSS THE BAY, YOU MEAN?


OH MY GOD...!
THIS IS BRAW!
I CAN SEE EVERYTHING, I CAN SEE AW' THE WAY OUT TO SEA!
YEAH IT'S KILLING ME! I CAN'T CARRY YOU ON THE GROUND, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK--
OCH, FLAP HARDER!
THAT'S FOR *BALANCE,* YOU IDIOT, THAT'S NOT WHAT'S KEEPING US UP!
AW, A WEE BIT MORE! C'MON!
OH JESUS, WHY DO I EVER LISTEN TO YOU...?
SHIT!
YAAAAH!


JINGS--!
THAT WAS TOO CLOSE.
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT. THERE'S GUYS AT LANGLEY KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THIS STUFF; THEY KILL ANY SUPE RUMORS STONE DEAD BEFORE THEY START...
YEAH, WHY DO I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT HOW THEY MIGHT DO THAT?
C'MON, YOU KEN NOBODY'S LOOKIN' FOR DRAMA.
IT'S ALL DONE ONLINE, ANYTIME ANYONE SAYS ANYTHING THEY HAVE GUYS GO IN AN' JUST TROLL THE SHITE OUTTA THEM...
I REMEMBER YOU TOLD ME.
D'YOU MIND THOSE NAZI DICKHEADS IN OREGON, CALLED THEMSELVES THE STORMFRONTERS? ENDED UP FALLIN' OUT AN' MACHINE-GUNNIN' EACH OTHER?
YEAH...


WELL, IT STARTED 'CAUSE ONE O' THEM SAID THE OTHERS HAD STORMFRONT'S COSTUME WRONG, THEY WEREN'T TRUE FANS O' STORMFRONT--HOW D'YOU THINK HE CAME TO HAVE THAT IDEA IN HIS HEAD?
JESUS.
I KNOW WE'VE BEEN ON AND OFF THE GRID A FEW TIMES, HUGHIE, BUT THAT'S THE KIND OF DETAIL I REALLY COULD DO WITHOUT KNOWING...
I'M ONLY TELLIN' YOU SO YOU SEE IT'S UNDER CONTROL. NO ONE WANTS THE SUPES BACK, OR ANYTHIN' TO DO WI' THEM.
NOTHIN' RELATED TO. NOTHIN' INSPIRED BY.
AN' ACCIDENTS HAPPEN, AYE, BUT THE SUPES THAT ARE OUT THERE HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN...
EXCEPT THIS ONE, APPARENTLY.
OCH, THAT WAS JUST FUN. I'M GLAD WE DID IT.
I LOVE COMIN' OUT HERE WI' YOU, IT DOES ME A POWER O' GOOD...
I'M GLAD. YOU'VE SEEMED KIND OF PREOCCUPIED THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.
OH, AYE...
HOW'S YOUR TUMMY?
UH, FINE--
YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING THIS MORNING?

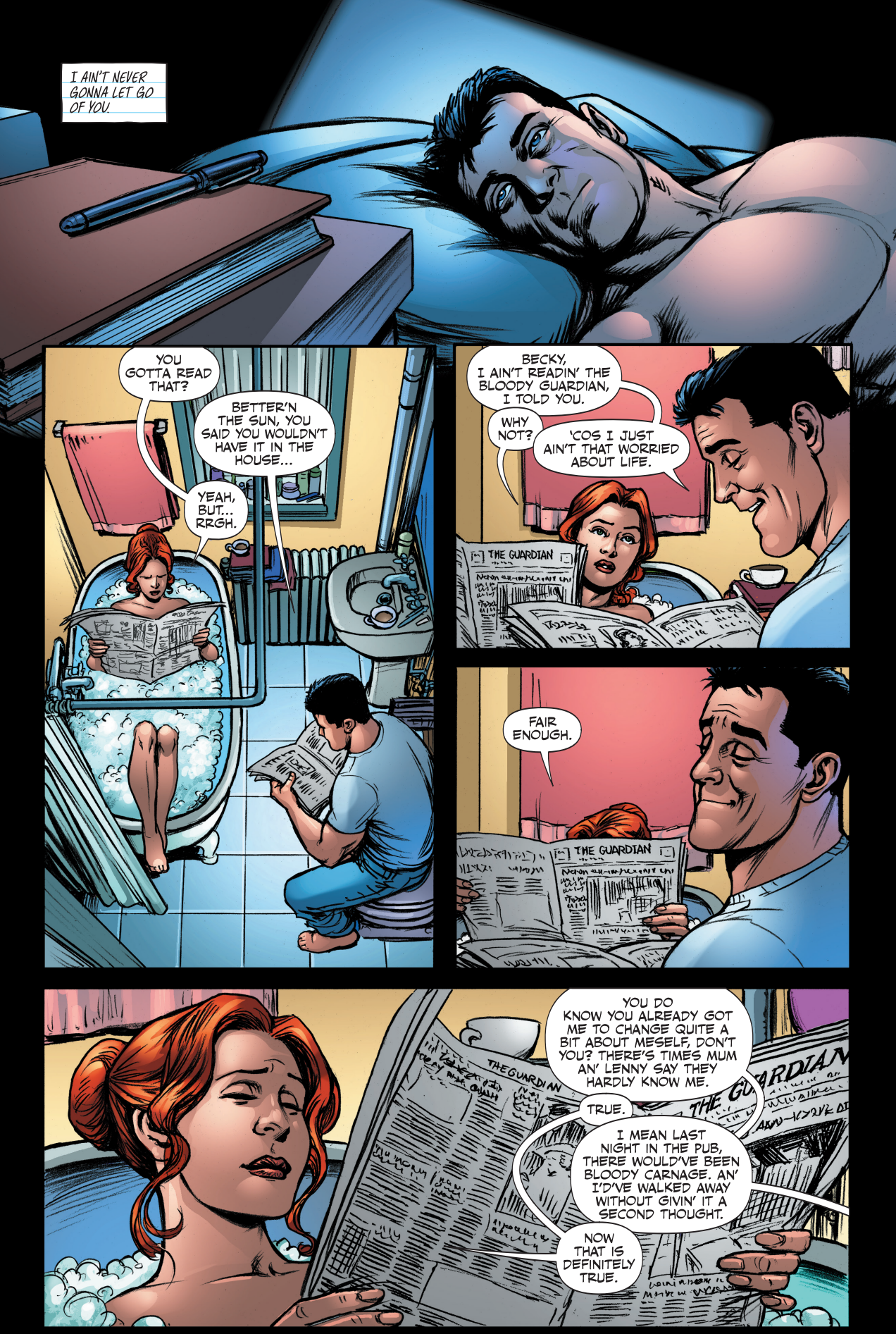

IF I CAN'T BE ANNIE JANUARY...THEN INSTEAD OF ANNIE KENNEDY...
COULDN'T I JUST BE ANNIE CAMPBELL?
YEP, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE LOOK I WAS EXPECTING.
AW, NO, BUT WAIT A MINUTE--I MEAN--I--
YOU JUST CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD A WEE BIT, THAT'S ALL...!
RELAX.
IT WAS YOUR IDEA, HUGHIE. YOU'RE THE ONE WENT DOWN ON ONE KNEE ON THE ROAD TO HANA.
BUT CAN'T YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND?
MARRIED OR NOT, WE'LL STILL BE TOGETHER.
I LOVE OUR ADVENTURES. AND I LOVE STAYING STILL.
JUST DON'T KEEP ME WAITING, OKAY?

BILLY BUTCHER, DID YOU JUST CALL ME *POSH--?*
IF THE SHOE FITS...
BUT IT DOESN'T BLOODY FIT, DOES IT? HOW THE HELL IS *HACKNEY* POSH?
COME ON, YOU CAN HEAR IT IN YOUR ACCENT...
GOD, YOU ARE SUCH A BLOODY WIND-UP MERCHANT--!
YOU'RE POSHER'N I AM, ANYWAY.
YOU'RE FROM *MILLWALL!* LONDON BLOODY ZOO'S POSHER THAN MILLWALL!
EEWWW, NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR MILADY, *EY SEEEE...*

YOU ROTTEN SOD, YOU'RE JUST TRYNNA PUT ME OFF FOR WHEN IT'S MY GO!
EY HEV NO NEED TO PUT MILADY ORF!
LEAVE IT OUT, YOU TWO, YOU'RE LIKE BLOODY KIDS...!
EY HEV NO NEED BECORSE IT'S GIRLS EGENST BLOKES, END GIRLS ARE CREP AT POOL...
YOU WHAT?
END *MILADY* IS THE CREPPEST OF THEM ALL...
YOU...!
YOUR SHOT, BILLY.
UH--GIMME A SECOND, LENNY-- I--
WELL?
WHAT YOU GONNA DO?
IT'S YOUR SHOT, CHUM.
COME ON, YOU'RE HOLDIN' UP THE GAME...

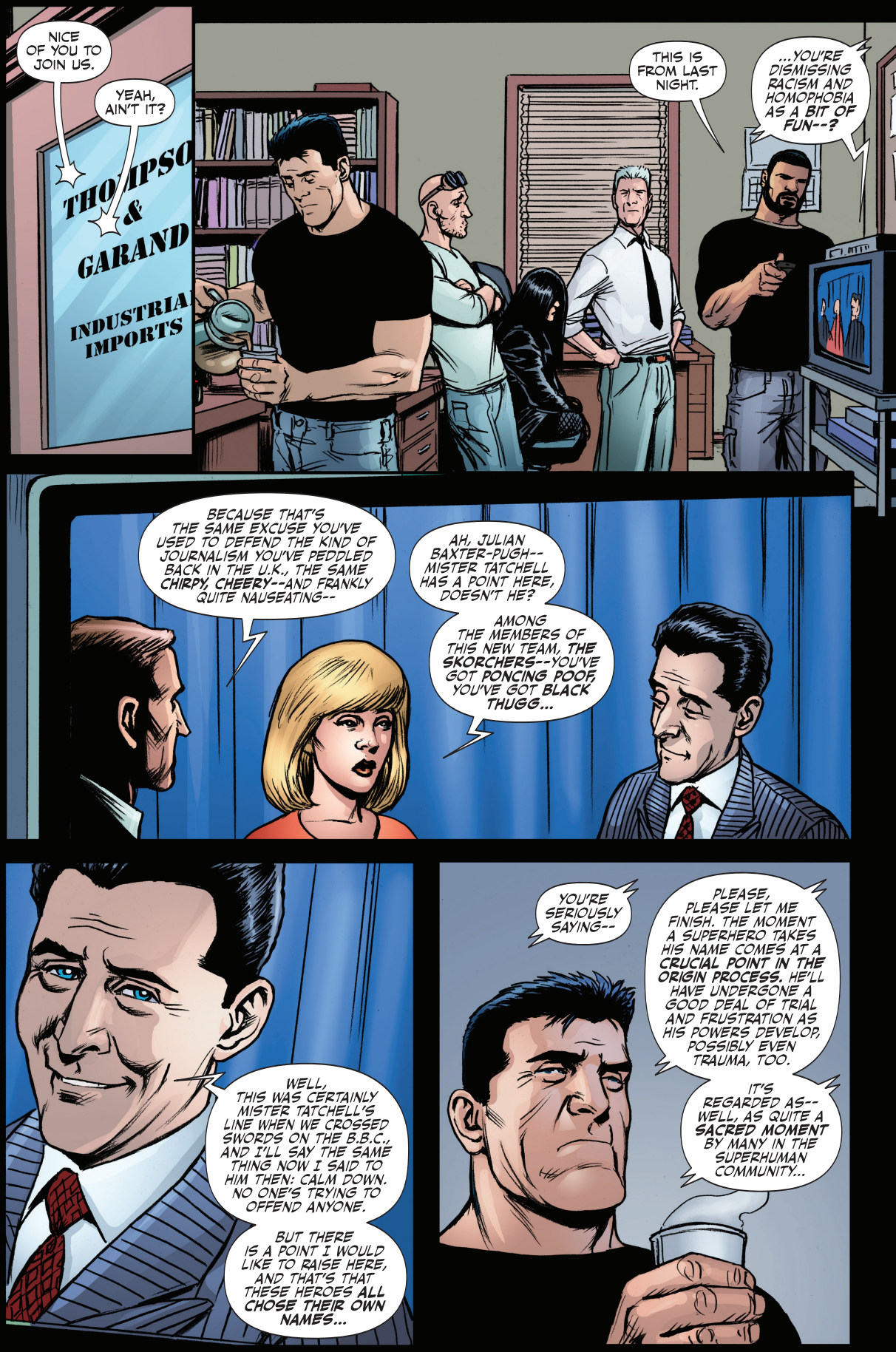
IT'S ALL RIGHT, LADS, HE'S GETTIN' ON A BIT. I POP HIS TEETH IN AN' BRING HIM DOWN HERE NOW AN AGAIN, JUST AS A BIT OF A TREAT.
'ERE, MATE, I THINK YOU'VE HAD A BIT OF AN ACCIDENT!
WHAT, DID THE GAME GET A BIT TOO EXCITIN' FOR YOU--?
D'YOU NEED SOMEONE TO HELP YOU TO THE TOILET...?
YOU SEE WHEN I GET YOU HOME AFTER THIS...?
PROMISES, PROMISES...ALWAYS PROMISES...
...BOLLOCKS.
AW, THE POOR OLD BUGGER'S PAST IT!
LOOK AT THAT, IT'S ALL GOTTEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM...!

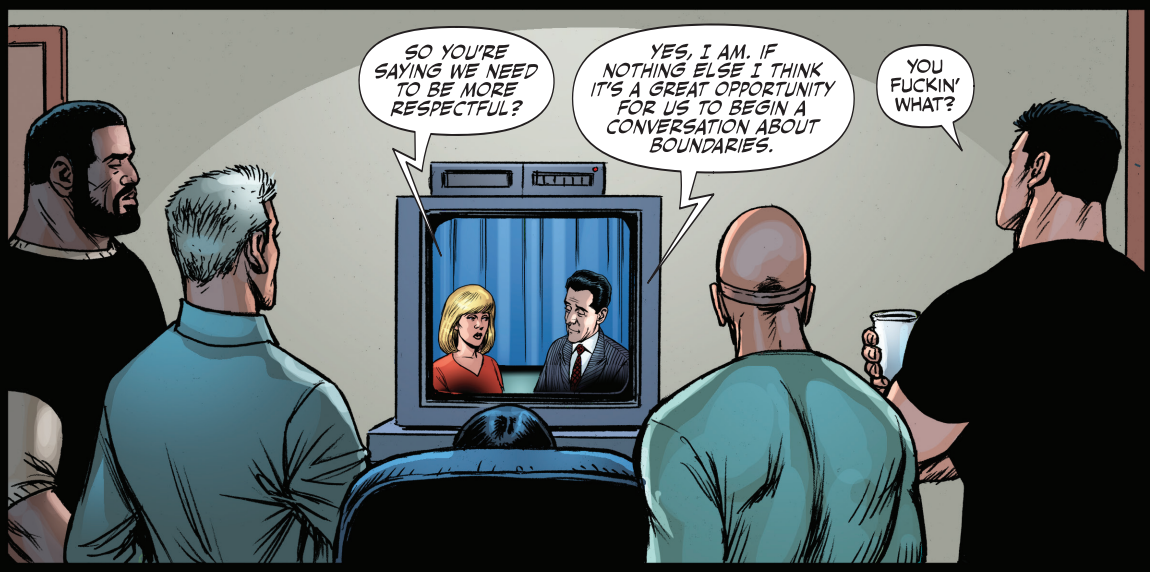
WAAAAAAGGHHH!
AAAAAH! BILLY! YOU'RE GONNA DROP ME!
NO I AIN'T.
YOU BLOODY LUNATIC, YOU ARE!
WHUFF! JESUS!
GOD ALMIGHTY, I SWEAR THIS BED'S GONNA GIVE OUT ON US ONE OF THESE DAYS...!
MAYBE TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT.
YOU MENTAL BLEEDER, I THOUGHT YOU WAS GONNA LET GO OF ME JUST NOW!
DON'T BE DAFT.

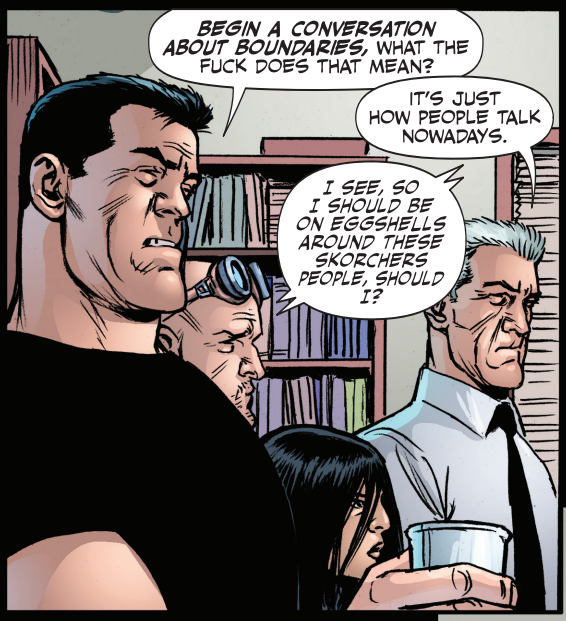

I AIN'T NEVER GONNA LET GO OF YOU.
YOU GOTTA READ THAT?
BETTER'N THE SUN, YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T HAVE IT IN THE HOUSE...
YEAH, BUT... RRGH.
BECKY, I AIN'T READIN' THE BLOODY GUARDIAN, I TOLD YOU.
WHY NOT?
'COS I JUST AIN'T THAT WORRIED ABOUT LIFE.
THE GUARDIAN
FAIR ENOUGH.
THE GUARDIAN
YOU DO KNOW YOU ALREADY GOT ME TO CHANGE QUITE A BIT ABOUT MESELF, DON'T YOU? THERE'S TIMES MUM AN' LENNY SAY THEY HARDLY KNOW ME.
TRUE.
I MEAN LAST NIGHT IN THE PUB, THERE WOULD'VE BEEN BLOODY CARNAGE. AN' I'D'VE WALKED AWAY WITHOUT GIVIN' IT A SECOND THOUGHT.
NOW THAT IS DEFINITELY TRUE.
THE GUARDIAN

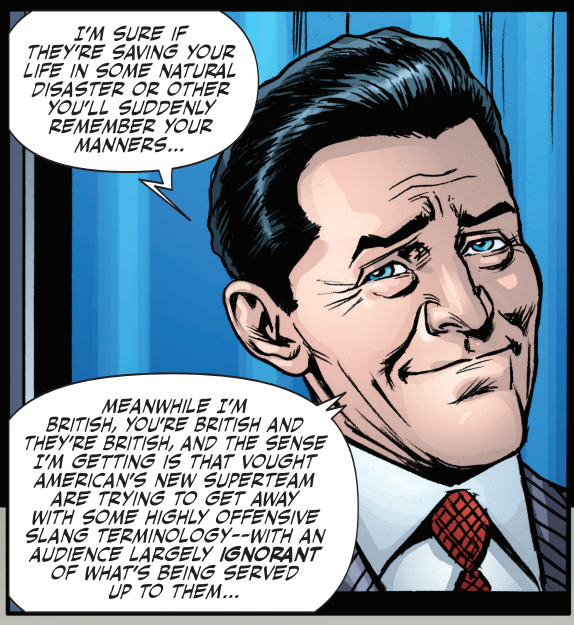
SO BE CONTENT WITH NAAAH--!
THINK OF YERSELF AS A WORK IN PROGRESS.
THE GUARDIAN
YOU KNOW YOU DON'T REALLY WALK AWAY FROM IT, DON'T YOU?
EH?
WHETHER YOU'RE THE ONE GETS HIT, OR YOU'RE DOIN' THE HITTIN'. NO ONE DOES.
I SEE IT WITH THE KIDS I WORK WITH, THE ONES GET CALLED YOUNG OFFENDERS. AN' SOME OF THE PEOPLE'VE BEEN KICKED OUTTA CARE.
IT STAYS INSIDE THEM, BILLY.
WHAT DOES?
ALL THE HORRIBLE NEGATIVE SHIT.
IT DON'T GO AWAY, IT LEAVES THEM WOUND UP TO NINETY. RESENTFUL, FRUSTRATED.
HURT.
AN' ONE DAY WHEN THEY'RE LEAST EXPECTIN' IT, IT ALL COMES OUT.
YOU KNOW?

YOU'RE SAFE WHEN YOU'RE AT WORK, AIN'T YOU, LUV?
THERE AIN'T NO ONE LIKELY TO HURT YOU OR NOTHIN', YOU'RE OKAY?
'COURSE I AM.
FUCK.


NICE OF YOU TO JOIN US.
YEAH, AIN'T IT?
THOMPSO & GARAND
INDUSTRIA IMPORTS
THIS IS FROM LAST NIGHT.
...YOU'RE DISMISSING RACISM AND HOMOPHOBIA AS A BIT OF FUN--?
BECAUSE THAT'S THE SAME EXCUSE YOU'VE USED TO DEFEND THE KIND OF JOURNALISM YOU'VE PEDDLED BACK IN THE U.K., THE SAME CHIRPY, CHEERY--AND FRANKLY QUITE NAUSEATING--
AH, JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH--MISTER TATCHELL HAS A POINT HERE, DOESN'T HE?
AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THIS NEW TEAM, THE SKORCHERS--YOU'VE GOT PONCING POOF, YOU'VE GOT BLACK THUGG...
WELL, THIS WAS CERTAINLY MISTER TATCHELL'S LINE WHEN WE CROSSED SWORDS ON THE B.B.C., AND I'LL SAY THE SAME THING NOW I SAID TO HIM THEN: CALM DOWN. NO ONE'S TRYING TO OFFEND ANYONE.
BUT THERE IS A POINT I WOULD LIKE TO RAISE HERE, AND THAT'S THAT THESE HEROES ALL CHOSE THEIR OWN NAMES...
YOU'RE SERIOUSLY SAYING--
PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME FINISH. THE MOMENT A SUPERHERO TAKES HIS NAME COMES AT A CRUCIAL POINT IN THE ORIGIN PROCESS. HE'LL HAVE UNDERGONE A GOOD DEAL OF TRIAL AND FRUSTRATION AS HIS POWERS DEVELOP, POSSIBLY EVEN TRAUMA, TOO.
IT'S REGARDED AS--WELL, AS QUITE A SACRED MOMENT BY MANY IN THE SUPERHUMAN COMMUNITY...

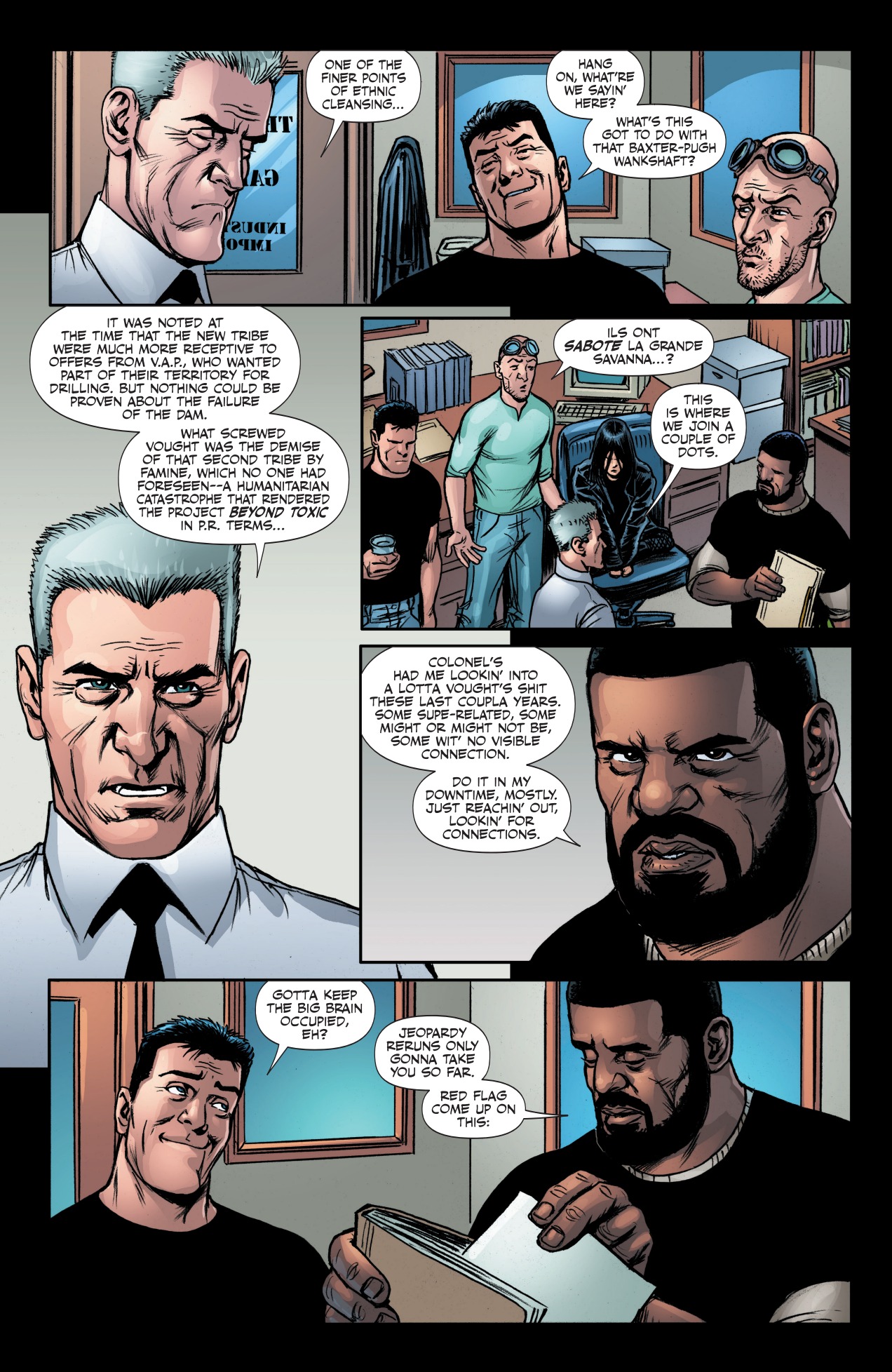

SO YOU'RE SAYING WE NEED TO BE MORE RESPECTFUL?
YES, I AM. IF NOTHING ELSE I THINK IT'S A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR US TO BEGIN A CONVERSATION ABOUT BOUNDARIES.
YOU FUCKIN' WHAT?


BEGIN A CONVERSATION ABOUT BOUNDARIES, WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN?
IT'S JUST HOW PEOPLE TALK NOWADAYS.
I SEE, SO I SHOULD BE ON EGGSHELLS AROUND THESE SKORCHERS PEOPLE, SHOULD I?


I'M SURE IF THEY'RE SAVING YOUR LIFE IN SOME NATURAL DISASTER OR OTHER YOU'LL SUDDENLY REMEMBER YOUR MANNERS...
MEANWHILE I'M BRITISH, YOU'RE BRITISH AND THEY'RE BRITISH, AND THE SENSE I'M GETTING IS THAT VOUGHT AMERICAN'S NEW SUPERTEAM ARE TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH SOME HIGHLY OFFENSIVE SLANG TERMINOLOGY--WITH AN AUDIENCE LARGELY IGNORANT OF WHAT'S BEING SERVED UP TO THEM...

POINT IS, SKORCHERS ARE A GO AS OF NINE EASTERN YESTERDAY.
A FUCKIN' CONVERSATION ABOUT...AN' WHAT'S THIS COMMUNITY BOLLOCKS, LIKE THERE'S A LITTLE SUPE STREET WITH SUPE SHOPS AN' HOUSES ON IT?
AH, M'SIEU CHARCUTER--COMMUNITY GOES, HOW YOU SAY, BEYOND THE CONCEPT OF MERE PHYSICAL SPACE...

YEAH, BUT WHAT IT USUALLY MEANS IS YOU'RE SAYIN' YOU'RE SPEAKIN' FOR THOUSANDS, WHEN REALLY YOU'RE JUST ONE CUNT...
LET'S STICK TO THE POINT.
M.M.?
THE SUPES AIN'T REALLY SHIT. WE GOT A COUPLA FLIERS, BLACK THUGG IS PRETTY STRONG, TEEN TEMPTRESS IS A FAST MOVER.
BUT JUST ON A HUNCH I TOOK A CLOSER LOOK AT JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH. MEDIACORP AIN'T HIS FIRST TIME WORKIN' FOR VOUGHT.
NO?
NO MEDIA EXPERIENCE *AT ALL* 'TIL HE MOVED OUT WEST IN NINETY-THREE. 'FORE THAT HE'S HEADIN' UP THE ACQUISITIONS OFFICE OF VOUGHT-AMERICAN PETROLEUM.
KINDA YOUNG FOR THE JOB, BUT THE DUDE'S A COMER. WHERE IT ALL GOES WRONG FOR HIM'S THE *GRAND SAVANNA DAM...*
I REMEMBER THAT. BLOODY THING BUST OPEN, THERE WAS THIS MASSIVE FUCKIN' FLOOD.
OH, MERDE. LES HOMMES, LES ELEPHANTS, LES GIRAFFES...THE PICTURES OF THEM, FLOATING IN THEIR THOUSANDS, ROTTING...
YOU HAD SOME WHOLE TRIBE WAS WIPED OUT THERE, YEAH?
LITTLE MORE TO IT THAN THAT.
THE TRIBE WAS WIPED OUT. ANOTHER TRIBE MOVED IN. BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE SOIL OF THEIR NEW LAND REQUIRED FARMING TECHNIQUES THEY WEREN'T USED TO.
AND THE PEOPLE WHO COULD HAVE TOLD THEM... WERE ALL GONE.


ONE OF THE FINER POINTS OF ETHNIC CLEANSING...
HANG ON, WHAT'RE WE SAYIN' HERE?
WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH THAT BAXTER-PUGH WANKSHAFT?
IT WAS NOTED AT THE TIME THAT THE NEW TRIBE WERE MUCH MORE RECEPTIVE TO OFFERS FROM V.A.P., WHO WANTED PART OF THEIR TERRITORY FOR DRILLING. BUT NOTHING COULD BE PROVEN ABOUT THE FAILURE OF THE DAM.
WHAT SCREWED VOUGHT WAS THE DEMISE OF THAT SECOND TRIBE BY FAMINE, WHICH NO ONE HAD FORESEEN--A HUMANITARIAN CATASTROPHE THAT RENDERED THE PROJECT *BEYOND TOXIC* IN P.R. TERMS...
ILS ONT *SABOTE* LA GRANDE SAVANNA...?
THIS IS WHERE WE JOIN A COUPLE OF DOTS.
COLONEL'S HAD ME LOOKIN' INTO A LOTTA VOUGHT'S SHIT THESE LAST COUPLA YEARS. SOME SUPE-RELATED, SOME MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT BE, SOME WIT' NO VISIBLE CONNECTION.
DO IT IN MY DOWNTIME, MOSTLY. JUST REACHIN' OUT, LOOKIN' FOR CONNECTIONS.
GOTTA KEEP THE BIG BRAIN OCCUPIED, EH?
JEOPARDY RERUNS ONLY GONNA TAKE YOU SO FAR.
RED FLAG COME UP ON THIS:

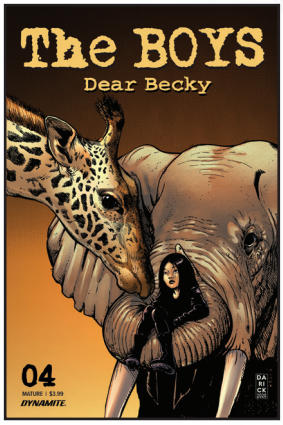
STORMFRONT...?
THERE WAS A V.A. INTERNAL MEMO THE LEGEND SENT US OVER. FROM WHEN VICTORY COMICS DID A CHARITY BOOK FOR THE GRAND SAVANNA.
VOUGHT SAID THEY COULD USE ANY CHARACTERS THEY WANTED: BUT NOT HIM.
NO PUBLIC APPEARANCES.
NO USIN' HIS IMAGE IN THE BOOK.
HIS NAME COULD NOT GO ANYWHERE NEAR IT.
HE HAS THE, THE JUICE TO DO THE DAM, OU!?
IN HIS LITTLE FINGER.
I NEVER WOULDA CONNECTED THIS TO BAXTER-PUGH. NOT 'TIL I FOUND OUT HE RAN V.A.P..
BUT HERE'S WHAT I THINK JUST MIGHT BE GOIN' DOWN.
JULIAN BAXTER-PUGH WANTS TO USE SUPES FOR SHIT NO ONE EVER HAD OR EVER SHOULD. HE TRIED ONCE, HE FUCKED UP.
NOW HE'S USIN' MEDIACORP TO LAUNCH SUPES OUTSIDE THE REGULAR VOUGHT STABLE, THAT JUST MAYBE HE AN' HE ALONE CONTROLS.

AN' THAT WOULD MAKE HIM--
DANGEROUS.
POTENTIALLY VERY DANGEROUS INDEED.
...AN' YOU'RE MEANT TO BE STORMFRONT'S SON, YEAH?
I MEAN I KNOW YOU AIN'T, YOU LOOK FUCK ALL LIKE HIM, BUT AIN'T THAT WHAT THEY CALL YOU?
MM.
THEY JUST PUT ALL THE SCANDI, VIKING, NAZI TWATS TOGETHER. AN' WHEN HE AIN'T WITH PAYBACK HE'S WITH YOU AN' THE REST OF 'EM, THE CHILDREN OF STORMFRONT...
MM-HM.
SO HOW D'YOU GET IN TOUCH?
WHEN YOU WANNA HAVE A TEAM-UP OR WHATEVER?
WE DON'T. HE DOES. DADDY THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD FOR US.
THE CHILDREN OF STORMFRONT: IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THEM.

JUST SNAP YOUR FINGERS AND I COME RUNNING, YES?

SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' HERE, CHIEF?
OH, I SHOULD FUCKING SAY SO, YES...!
THIS IS SKANDIA. SAY HELLO TO THE MORTAL, SKANDIA.
INSECT...
SKANDIA IS A TELEPATH. WE'RE GOING TO BOUNCE YOU AROUND THIS ALLEY FOR A WHILE, AND WHEN WE'VE REDUCED MOST OF YOUR SKELETON TO SHARDS SHE'S GOING TO READ YOUR MIND.
AND FIND OUT WHERE YOU KEEP THE FOOTAGE YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OVER ME, YOU FUCK.
AND THEN WE'LL REALLY GET SERIOUS, AND BY THE TIME YOU DIE YOU'LL-- IS SOMETHING FUCKING AMUSING YOU ABOUT THIS...?
AH, JUST SOMETHIN' I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT THIS MORNIN.
MORE FUNNY PECULIAR THAN FUNNY HA-HA, TO BE HONEST WITH YOU.

WELL--
ALL RIGHT, VIKOR. CALM DOWN, MY SON.
NOW, WE CAN DO IT THIS WAY IF YOU WANT. I DON'T HONESTLY RECOMMEND IT, BUT IT'S UP TO YOU.
THE FIVE OF US CAN TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB AND YOU KNOW IT, ASSHOLE...!
I AIN'T SAYIN' YOU CAN'T.
BUT WHAT IF I TOLD YOU--SERIOUSLY, NO FUCKIN' ABOUT--THERE WAS A BETTER WAY TO SORT THIS OUT.
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?
I'D SAY IMAGINE THAT.
TAKE HIM.
TO BE CONTINUED



NEXT ISSUE

Hughie gets a glimpse of what married life is like and is not at all put off, but- being Hughie- he soon pushes his luck too far. Meanwhile, Butcher finds a Supe eager to please for once- but when all hell breaks loose at Yankee Stadium, he starts to smell a big fat rat...

WRITER JOHN LAYMAN LAYS IT DOWN

ON WHY RED SONJA IS UP AGAINST HER GREATEST CHALLENGE YET!

John, these pesky Martians have attacked all kinds of folks. From their peers who prefer to call the planet Barsoom, to KISS, finheads, lawgivers and the innocent minds of children lucky enough to come across the original cards. How does the She-Devil With a Sword measure up against the big brainies and is there a challenge in bringing them to the Hyborian Age?

One-on-one, Sonja definitely has the upper hand. But there is strength in numbers, not to mention large numbers of a technologically advanced alien society. It's not just laser swords and disintegration crossbows Sonja has to worry about, but the Martian mastermind behind this entire invasion. He's a scientific genius when it comes to weird, sci-fi experimentation, so Red Sonja will have to contend with that. She's got a tough road ahead of her.

Will fans get to see some of those infamously large noggins sliced through? We assume there is going to be a whole ton of action in this series. What's it like working with artist Fran Strukan to bring that to the page?

Fran has been great. I'm asking him to draw a lot of nutty stuff, and he is totally up to the challenge. Doesn't matter if it's barbarians with battle-axes or giant robots with laser beam eyes or genetically-engineered bugs... he nails it every time. And yes, there is plenty of Mars Attacks ultra-violence... it would not be Mars Attacks if there wasn't. Fran kicks ass on that too. As does our colorist, Valentina Briški.

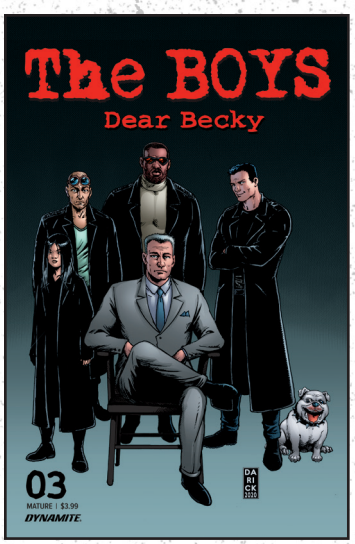
Some cool kids may know this is actually a glorious return to the franchise for you, as you wrote a fan-favorite stretch of Mars Attacks previously. Has it been fun getting back into their twisted minds? Should we be on the lookout for any connections or Easter eggs?

In my mind it's all a connected universe, though of course by no means will you have had to read the older stuff, my magnificent 15 issues run on Mars Attacks. But, yes, there is a bit of connective tissue between books, and also with Red Sonja, whom I wrote a long, loooong time ago – one of my very first freelance gigs.

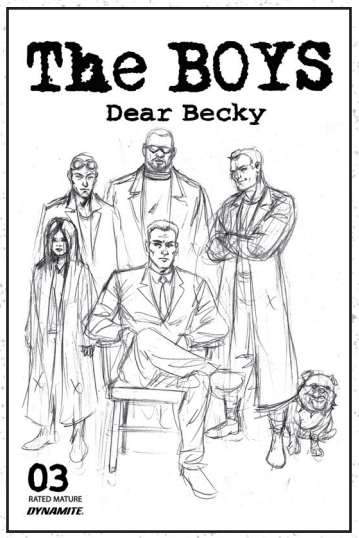
You've had your fair share of fun in the Dynamite stable and the sword & sorcery genre, going back to Red Sonja/Claw and your acclaimed run on Xena. What makes this genre such fun to tackle in comic books? And let's close out with your broad thoughts on Red Sonja herself!

Swords & Sorcery Barbarian stuff is something I haven't written nearly enough of, and I always enjoy it when I do. I purposely pursued this gig with Dynamite, sometimes I think they finally approved it because it was clear I wasn't going away. I love both Mars Attacks and Red Sonja and have had loads of fun writing them both. What could be more fun? Writing them together!

All characters and properties are © 2020 their respective owners. Dynamite, Dynamite Entertainment, and its logo are ® & © 2020 Dynamite. All rights reserved. All art pending licensor approval.



cover A
DARICK ROBERTSON
colors by
TONY AVIÑA



BONUS VARIANT
b&w cover
DARICK ROBERTSON

BONUS VARIANT
"virgin" cover
DARICK ROBERTSON
colors by
TONY AVIÑA

Cover Gallery